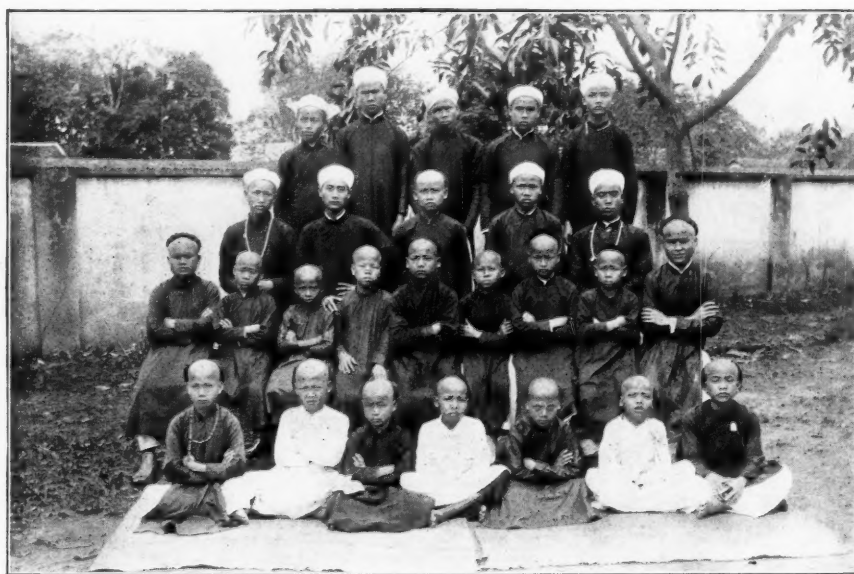
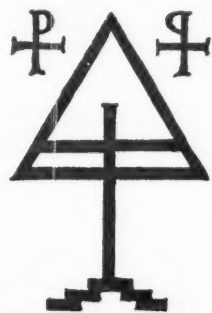


# THE FIELD AFAR



A GROUP OF 1917 HOPEFULS.

*Some of Fr. Cothonay's treasures in Tong-King, Indo-China.*

VOL. XI. No. 1



JANUARY, 1917



PRICE 10 CENTS



A W I N T E R   S C E N E   A T   M A R Y K N O L L .

**T**HE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*.

The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of eight priests, twenty students of Philosophy and Theology, and six auxiliary brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, now Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Decree of Praise and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is—Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of four professors, three of whom are priests.

**From the Archbishops of the United States, Assembled in Council, April, 1912.**

The time is undoubtedly ripe for the movement and the opportunity should be seized without delay. Political changes in heathen countries, especially in the Far East, interference with the sources of supply in France, the emergence of our own country from a missionary status, and the admitted prosperity of the American Church as a whole,—these are all strong reasons, compelling not only our attention but our practical interest.

Nor will the Church at home suffer in consequence of this movement. We need more priests here, but 'the arm of God is not shortened' and we are confident that the sacrifice of self-exiled American youth will arouse extra vocations for our own country.....

We urge, then, and with insistence, that a generous co-operation be given to the priests who are zealously striving to set on foot what is bound to be, with God's grace, a most important spiritual enterprise, one that cannot fail to bring upon the Church in this country many needed graces from Him Who came to bring.

**THE FIELD AFAR** is the organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society and is published from the Seminary.

**THE POST-OFFICE ADDRESS IS OSSINING, NEW YORK.**

# THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVVM OMNIA  
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Volume Eleven  
Number One

Maryknoll : : OSSINING, NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1917

Price \$1.00 a Year  
Twelve Issues Yearly

## THE FIELD AFAR

Founded in 1907. Published on the  
fifteenth day of each month by the

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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Subscriber to privileges of Member-  
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Four hundred Masses a year;  
A share in the daily prayers, Com-  
munion, sacrifices, and labors of all  
engaged in this work;  
Communions and rosaries every Friday  
from our two communities.  
*From Benefactors here and abroad*—  
Several thousand Communions offered  
monthly and as many rosaries of-  
fered each week for all members of  
the Society.  
*From Missioners in the Field*—  
Three hundred Masses yearly;  
Frequent Communions and prayers of  
faithful converts.

### OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY:

MARYKNOLL : : OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of  
the Catholic Foreign Mission Society.  
Checks and other payments may be  
forwarded to the Very Rev. James A.  
Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent  
upon application.

WITH this issue THE FIELD  
AFAR enters upon its second  
decade.

We are as proud as a ten-year-  
old boy—and about as big.

As a matter of fact, our sheets  
are a trifle smaller than when we  
began in 1907 and our pages have  
been increased only by the addi-  
tion of a jacket.

However, we appear monthly  
now and we run over this great  
country, passing even beyond its  
borders. We reach thousands,  
where formerly we found our  
way only to hundreds.

The purpose of THE FIELD  
AFAR was known at first simply  
to the little group of priests who  
met to start it, and to the late  
venerable Archbishop of Boston.  
That purpose was to blaze a trail  
and to make a clearing for the es-  
tablishment of an American Sem-  
inary for Foreign Missions.

Four years later the magazine  
became the organ of the Catholic  
Foreign Mission Society of  
America, which that year (1911)  
was set in motion by the hier-  
archy of the United States and ap-  
proved by the Supreme Authority  
of the Church at Rome. Since  
then every effort made by this pa-  
per has been directed to the great  
end of the Society whose head-  
quarters, as increasing thousands  
know, are at Maryknoll, Ossining,  
New York.

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In the files of THE FIELD AFAR  
may be found the story of a be-  
ginning that, it is confidently  
hoped, will mean much for the fu-  
ture of Catholicity not only in  
heathen lands but in our own  
country, where the example of  
self-denial and generosity set by  
outgoing apostles will not be lost  
on their stay-at-home friends.  
These files do not, of course, re-  
veal *all* that has happened in con-  
nection with our start.

Every one realizes that begin-  
nings, or rather the periods that  
immediately follow them, are dif-  
ficult. The runner makes his first  
spurt cheerfully and soon gets out  
of breath, but he is not so foolish  
as to give up. He struggles un-  
til his breath comes regularly and  
deeply. Then he pushes with all  
his strength towards the goal.

Maryknoll is no exception to  
the rule of difficult beginnings,  
but THE FIELD AFAR has insin-  
uated rather than exposed them.  
It has followed this policy in the  
belief that to edify and to win  
sympathy, one does not need to  
strike discordant and jarring

notes or to keep too long on the minor chords. It realizes, too, that the average man has his own crosses, some of which are very heavy, and that he is not comforted by reading a chapter of complaints.

The humor (call it a light strain, if you prefer) that has occasionally appeared in our paper was not infrequently a forced remedy for some trouble from within or for an attack from without—real trouble at times, and oftener, perhaps, as is the case with most troubles, imaginary. It had a good effect on its producers and it did not harm its victims.

Many a reader of THE FIELD AFAR has seen in and between its lines a fairly accurate picture of Maryknoll in the making. This much, at least, we feel can be said—that there has been no exaggeration except what was palpably in jest. We do not like inflation nor do we believe in it, even for a temporary expedient. The reaction is always disappointing.

We have not even dressed up for our tenth birthday. We decided not to do so for several reasons.

1. We have no time to spare;
2. We cannot afford a new dress at present;
3. If we should put on an expensive garb for our tenth birthday and could not continue it or replace it with one as good, we should look mean and shabby the next time we appeared.

So take us as you know us on this, our tenth birthday, and if you like us well enough, tell your friends that we are anxious to visit them every month. Our plans to reach the fifty-thousand mark have not materialized—yet, but the prospects are daily brightening and present subscribers by the hundreds have voluntarily taken it upon themselves to serve as agents among their friends.

Such co-operation enables us to make up for the inevitable 'discontinued ones' and to add to our circulation. In the meantime—and we say this with not a wink at the bunch of grapes above our heads—we prefer 20,000 subscribers secured by other subscribers to 100,000 brought in by the persuasive eloquence of well-paid professional canvassers.

\* \*

"And in His name the Gentiles shall hope."—Matt. xii. 21.

\* \*

OUR announcement that Ordinary Subscriptions would, after the first of the year, give way to *Associate Subscriptions*, so that every subscription would be *one dollar*, did not create a disturbance. And we felt sure that it would not.

Every reader of THE FIELD AFAR knows that we would gladly have kept the fifty-cent subscription if we could have done so without loss. Scores have written us to say that we should have made the change before, and up to this writing we have not had any requests to discontinue as a result of the increase. Any one, however, who confesses his inability to pay the extra fifty cents, may rest assured that he will not be deprived of his paper on that account.

All our subscribers will hereafter be members of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. As such, they will share in the work of the Society—in its merits and in the considerable spiritual advantages which, even at this stage of its life, it affords.

We have on our list quite a few non-Catholics, including some Hebrews, but none of these will object to having some good prayers offered for them. Most of them have, in fact, been associate members from the start.

\* \*

SEMINARIES and novitiates of religious men and women—these are the precious and coveted

strongholds that we would capture and hold, by the heart-strings, to the cause of foreign missions. And we are happy to say that already THE FIELD AFAR has on its list of interested readers a wide and gratifying representation from these training-schools for the army of Christ.

Seminaries are realizing that the foreign mission spirit helps to cultivate the true Catholic spirit with its unstinted zeal for souls. A far-seeing bishop who lately discovered in his own seminary a lack of interest in the missions, took immediate steps to arouse it, remarking: "The priest rarely rises higher than the ideal which he conceived in the seminary, and that ideal, to be complete, must include the apostolic spirit. We have been losing a splendid example of zeal for souls, which is the great requisite in the priestly character."

From the novitiates of religious orders, too, we often receive delightful manifestations of earnest attachment to the mission cause. A missionary magazine on the reading-table or a book about missions read in the refectory is usually the starting-point of this interest, which, to our knowledge, perseveres and develops in later years, despite many arduous duties for the Church in the homeland.

It is remarked at times that religious orders, preoccupied with their own many activities, are not easily interested in one another or in any outside work. The same is said of many individual dioceses. Our national Catholic University has already done much to widen the spirit of the orders and of the dioceses. The Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is another national institution and opens a field of common effort to dioceses, to religious orders of men and women, and to the educational centres of our country, including the University itself.

Congratulations on our tenth.  
Thank you!



### What They Say of It.

"Gloom-killing"  
 "Full of fun"  
 "Magnificent"  
 "A delightful little monthly"  
 "Ever optimistic and varied"  
 "A thing of sweetness and light"  
 "That estimable little crackerjack"  
 "The cheeriest and most optimistic visitor"

What a cheerful missionary spirit breathes in every page of the paper! (Fr. Panjikaran, India.)

THE FIELD AFAR comes regularly and we devour it from cover to cover. It has simply become an indispensable article of furniture in our reading-room. (Bishop Foley, Philippines.)

It is the brightest and sprightliest of our missionary papers. It is always filled with interesting articles and has a humor all its own. (The Evangelist, Rensselaer, N. Y.)

What I like about THE FIELD AFAR is its cheery tone, despite the many difficulties under which you must be laboring. I wish you every success in your glorious work. (From New York City.)

Of all the magazines I read in my home, THE FIELD AFAR, with its numerous interesting anecdotes, letters from laborers scattered far and near, and the spirit of cheerfulness and optimism permeating every line, holds first place. (A Rhode Island Lawyer.)

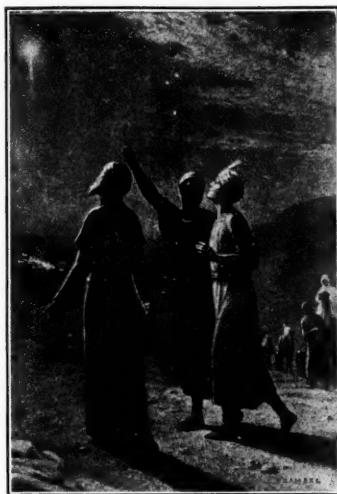
Compliments, squinting and straight:

The FIELD AFAR is dear.(?)—A Reader.

The FIELD AFAR is a dear.—Another Reader.

In the short time that I have been acquainted with THE FIELD AFAR (a friend from Michigan favored me with a subscription last January), I have become very much interested in its wonderful work, and I want to do what little I can to help you. The paper is a welcome visitor each month and is read with great pleasure from cover to cover. (From Portland, Ore.)

Surely you wish to help train apostles for generations yet to come as well as for to-day. Get into one of the burse processions, then, before the files are complete.



"And the Gentiles shall walk in Thy light, and kings in the brightness of Thy rising."—Isa. lx. 3.

### Mary.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

Our Lady of the Missions,  
 How beautiful she seems,  
 Whenever of salvation  
 My zealous spirit dreams!

She braved the cave so empty,  
 She dared December's wild,  
 And made of straw so idle,  
 A poor Crib for the Child.

The Star doth light her doings,  
 The story of the Kings  
 Affirms her sacrifices  
 Above imaginings.

What myrrh, what gold, frankincense,  
 What self-denial sweet,  
 What gift that's worth the taking  
 Lay we at Mary's feet?

\* \*

While 1917 is still young we renew  
 our prayer for a blessed year to our  
 readers.

\* \*

A Montreal priest, sending payment for ten subscriptions to this paper, writes:

Enclosed please find check for the continued success of THE FIELD AFAR, whose every number is so enticing. I thank you for taking your readers into your confidence and making them feel as if they were shareholders in your Society. It is certainly a powerful means of eliciting interest in your great work.

### Cornelius Lane.

MARYKNOLL has many good friends, but as yet it has registered few founders. By a founder we mean one who, either for the general needs of our work or for some specific purpose, has given at least five thousand dollars.

We are pained to record in this issue of THE FIELD AFAR the death of Mr. Cornelius Lane, one of our founders. Mr. Lane never saw Maryknoll, and until shortly before his gift was received, he knew very little of this work. His attention was called to it by a priest (again we emphasize the fact that priests are our best friends), and a complete confidence in his priest-friend, coupled with a pure and simple faith, in which his wife shared, brought to our desk one morning a splendid check for five thousand dollars.

Mr. Lane, who belonged formerly in Philadelphia, died at his home in Manhattan Beach on the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception. His death was sudden but not unprovided, for his life was an edification to the pastor and people of the little church where he and his family devoutly worshipped.

We commend to the prayers of our readers the soul of this, the first of our founders to die. At the same time we extend to his wife and her little flock the assurance of Maryknoll's gratitude and of Maryknoll's frequent prayers.

The *Syracuse Chronicle* remarks that charity begins at home and wisely adds that it goes a long way off without any injury to its home obligations.

We find that ten per cent. of our active subscribers are priests. This means that we have about eighteen hundred priests on our list—and we are proud of the record.

If you have in the bank some money which you intend to leave to us, why not let us have it now and give you ample interest during your lifetime?

### The Note Page.

**B**ILLS posted throughout Paris and signed by the officials invite every householder to restrict both heating and lighting. The notice concludes:

It is hoped that these demands will be manfully accepted in view of the need of seconding the efforts of our soldiers in the trenches. It is the duty of the people in the rear to add to the force of the armies. The whole of France must fight.

If our "people in the rear," *i. e.*, Catholics in this prosperous country, only realize what force they can even now add to the armies of Christ in pagan lands, some wonderful developments of the Church would soon be recorded.

**T**HIS war may have—and certainly has—impoverished Catholic missions, but it is evident to those who are watching, that God is mindful of the need.

The Superior-General of Mill Hill, England's Foreign Mission Seminary, writes that all of its colleges—Mill Hill and Freshfield in England, Roosendaal and Tilburg in Holland, and Brixen in the Austrian Tyrol—reopened this year with large numbers of students. "Mill Hill and Freshfield together," Fr. Henry writes, "have just over one hundred and Tilburg has one hundred little Dutch boys. So the future looks bright in spite of the war."

This is heartening news. We may add, too, for the benefit of our readers, that Tilburg, which is to Mill Hill what The Vénard (our preparatory school at Clark's Green, Pa.) is to Maryknoll, *did not exist five years ago.*

**M**ISS Ria Nobechi, of Tokyo, whose Christian name is Maria, has been making her headquarters with the Teresians at Maryknoll. She is a picturesque little figure in her dainty, graceful Japanese dress, and she finds herself quite at home in a convent, since she has been living, as a lay

teacher, in just such an atmosphere for the past sixteen years.

The Teresians made known to several friends of Maryknoll the presence of Miss Nobechi and her willingness to speak about her country. Nearly all were anxious to see and hear this little Japanese Catholic, and those who did so, were not disappointed. They found her bright and interesting, loyal to her native land and to her faith, keen and well informed.



MISS RIA NOBECCHI OF TOKYO.

Miss Nobechi will remain at Maryknoll until March, when she has several engagements to fill in and around Providence, R. I. Afterwards she intends to move towards her home by way of San Francisco.

A Record Book for twelve subscriptions will be mailed to you at your request.

### From Bishop Dowling.

**A**T the ordination of Bernard Francis Meyer, of Stuart, Iowa, Bishop Dowling, of Des Moines, spoke words of encouragement from which we are pleased to quote for the edification of our readers, clerical and lay:

*When your superior spoke to me some years ago of this work, I said to him: "I have no doubt that you will be able to gather the funds, but where are you going to get the priests? Where are you going to get vocations?" Now the wisdom of the wise has been confounded. Many are feeling the call and are answering. In some cases the response has entailed much sacrifice and these young men have made it cheerfully. When they go abroad, they will need the courage that has been acquired here.*

*It would be unwise for us to deceive ourselves with the thought that the missionary life will be intensely attractive. The life of no priest is a life of human attraction. If it has many comforts, then we may well suspect that the priestly spirit is absent. When the bishop gives tonsure to one in the sanctuary, he reminds him that it is symbolic of a crown of thorns, that he must take up the Cross of his Master. And the life of every priest must be a life withdrawn, a life of sacrifice, a life of self-denial. The more he realizes these things, the closer he comes to his hidden Master.*

*The whole country is watching this establishment—watching it not with indifference, but with expectation and with pride. Slowly, but surely, the interest of the entire land will be aroused. If there is anything that is characteristic of the American people, it is the spirit of generosity, it is the spirit to give and to share; and the Catholic Church here must also be generous, not merely in gifts of money, but in gifts of men and women who will go out to lead lives of mortification and to bring the light of God's Gospel to those that sit in darkness.*

*He is one of my own; he represents the first-fruits of our little diocese. We have many things to do in our part of the country. We have great needs and much anxiety as to the future. We are but 34,000 Catholics in the midst of 525,000 Protestants, and our position calls for sacrifice, courage, patience, and, above all, the grace of God. We need especially young priests, and as yet there are not many vocations that have originated in our diocese. It is a sacrifice, then, for us to give up this worthy young man,*

that he may go abroad to fulfill his vocation to the foreign missions. Yet I have most cheerfully and most willingly given him up and to-day I complete the sacrifice by assisting at his ordination.

I send him to be a propitiation for the struggles of his own diocese, that God may bless his sacrifice and bless us. And I tell him this morning that wherever he goes, he shall not be out of our sight. We will follow him and we will help him. It will be part of our pride and obligation to see that he shall not suffer, as so many missionaries do, for the means necessary to his work. At least, he shall have the promise of many prayers, and our eyes and hearts will be focused on him.

The beginning of the foreign mission movement should be a sacrifice from the whole American Church. The work is not diocesan; it is not provincial. Great and glorious, it concerns all the dioceses of the country, and it is a witness and a challenge to the spirit of sacrifice in our young men. This new priest shall be a prayer for us. May God bless his life and the lives of his companions!

### Another Christ.

In memory of Rev. P. P. Chapon, S.S.

Another Christ wert thou,  
In purity, humility, and love;  
Another Christ, and how  
In wisdom schooled, though simple  
as the dove.

Another Christ, to teach

Yet other Christs the ways of love  
divine;

Another Christ, to preach

Of holiness by such a life as thine.  
*Sacerdos.*

### Perpetual Associate Membership.

Membership in perpetuity requires payment of fifty dollars (The full amount need not be given at one time, but should be completed within two years.)

If secured for a person now living, it will continue, after his or her death, as long as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society shall exist.

If secured for a soul departed, it is called a *Perpetual Memorial Associate Membership*.

May we suggest that you enroll your beloved dead as *Perpetual Associate Members* of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society?

Address:

Maryknoll :: :: Ossining, N. Y.



WE are privileged to acknowledge seasonable greetings from many missionary-friends of THE FIELD AFAR and we record the following, received since our last issue:

CHINA—Letters from Fr. Buch, Ningpo; Fr. Fraser, Taichowfu; Fr. Kennelly, Shanghai; Fr. Tsing, Ping-hu.

INDIA—Letters from Archbishop Morel, Pondichery; Fr. Ryan, Pudur; St. Martha's Hospital, Bangalore. Letters and photographs from Fr. Kroot, Kurnool; Fr. Panjikaran, Kandy. Letters and promises of a Mass for our Society and its benefactors from Fr. Dominic, Trivandrum; Fr. Schipper, Guntakal. Mass promise from Fr. Matthews, Jaffna.

INDO-CHINA—Letter and photograph from Very Rev. Fr. Cothonay, Lang-Son.

JAPAN AND KOREA—Letters from Bishop Berlioz, Sendai; Bishop Chatron, Osaka; Bishop Combaz, Nagasaki. Letter and photographs from Bishop Mutuel, Seoul. Letter and Mass promise from Archbishop Rey, Tokyo. Promise of two Masses from Fr. Roussel, Tokyo.

MALESIA—Letter and Mass promise from Fr. Wachter, Br. No. Borneo.

OCEANIA—Letter from Bro. Robert, Honolulu.

PHILIPPINES—Letter from Fr. Laurence Rogan, Iloili.

### TONG-KING.

Fr. Cothonay recently took a trip to the mountains, but it was not for a change of air. He writes:

Pressing affairs have called me to the western part of my prefecture and I am now about a hundred miles from Lang-Son. What a country this is! Mountains, mountains, and again mountains! If you put together the Catskills, the Alleghanies, and the Rockies, you will hardly, I think, get an idea of the land here. With the exception of the Tong-king Delta and a middle region of hills, we see nothing but mountains, and it is the same in many provinces of China. Lang-Son means "silent mountains" and in the neighboring Chinese province of Kwang-Si there is a district called "one hundred thousand mountains."

Between the mountains are innumerable valleys, but they are generally very deep and narrow and afford little opportunity for cultivation. Therefore you may sometimes travel for hours

through this wild country without meeting a human being. In my prefecture, which is, I suppose, as large as the State of New York, there are only 200,000 souls and they belong to five or six different races, each having its own language, manners, and dress. You will readily understand the difficulty of evangelization under such conditions.

### INDIA.

When Fr. Amatus visited America last year, he roused not a little interest in his mission, which, having been supported by Belgian friends, was thrown into a critical condition as a result of the war. That his people are worthy and fervent converts may be seen by the following extract from a recent letter written by Fr. Amatus to a benefactor in San Francisco.

We Carmelites have a very pretty practice of devotion to Our Lady. Every Saturday the special Mass of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is sung by the community and at night we sing solemnly the *Salve Regina*. Wearing our white mantles and holding lighted candles in our hands, we enter the church or go before the statue of Our Lady and there, standing in two rows, we chant the beautiful hymn to Our Heavenly Queen.

I thought that our Christians would like to do the same for their beloved *Deva Mada* (Mother of God), as they call Mary. I was not mistaken, for since my return from America, a good number of our best people attend the High Mass of Our Lady every Saturday and later, when we have sung our *Salve* in Latin, they start it in their own tongue, which is Tamil. Oh, the result is not very musical for European ears, of course, but it is very touching to witness all these people, with small candles in their hands, singing to their Queen in their ever-plaintive Oriental tones. I am sure, too, that Our Lady must be much pleased with the heart-song of her brown-skinned children. The candle which has once been used for the ceremony is kept with respect and brought back to the church every Saturday until used up. It is Our Lady's candle.

ROUTERS, you good little chaps! We wonder how you are getting along after the bump we gave you in December, when we told you to sell this paper for ten cents instead of five.

## CHINA.

Fr. O'Leary—from Cork, you remember—visited a pagoda recently and as his experience was well worth hearing, we will let him speak for himself:

Yes, we *did* visit a pagoda. We found idols arranged all around the walls. Some of them were smiling, some were looking daggers, some were playing musical instruments, and so on. They are called *genii* or devils. When the Chinese pagans ask favors from these *genii*, they burn false paper money, thinking that the devil does not know a good dollar from a bad one. We seriously think he sees the joke, but in any case, though his power in China may be great, when it is a question of money, he has his match.

In the pagoda we met a Chinese who had a very severe pain in the stomach. Being a pagan, he implored the gods, and this is how he did it. First he went to a box where the names of all the *genii* were written on tablets. He drew one. Then he bought a candle and some incense from the pagoda officials. He lighted his candle and burned his incense before the *genius* of his tablet. Next he bowed and bowed and prayed and prayed, at the same time telling the idol the exact latitude and longitude of the pain. In this respect his scientific knowledge was miles ahead of that manifested by the poor woman who, hearing that her son was shot in the Dardanelles, asked the local doctor what part of the body that was.

But to come back to our pagan friend—the enemy. He had now risen, and going straight to a list of medical prescriptions in another box, he drew one at random. The prescription in this case advised him to travel a distance of several miles and collect some herbs. He went, got the herbs, prepared them, and took them—but 'the last state of that man was worse than the first.' The raw, green herbs only increased the disorder within and when we saw the poor fellow again, he was bent up—no, bent down—with pain. He looked for all the world as if he had swallowed a note of interrogation.

The unfortunate man related his story with profuse gestures. The expression on his face revealed that he had kept vigil for a few nights. We must confess our bad manners, for a smile came in spite of our best efforts. We told him his *genius* was no good. Having no evidence to the contrary, he agreed. This gave us courage to proceed and we politely informed him that by eating raw herbs he had literally succeeded in making of himself 'an animal that brays.' Then, with

apologies to the medical profession, we recommended a strong dose with a familiar name. No, we won't mention the name. Who knows but that some reader may have happy recollections?

The next day we met our friend—not our enemy. He was a new man. He had almost forgotten that his machinery was ever in need of 'oiling.' We will give the exact translation of his words of thanks to us. He said, "Yours is some religion."

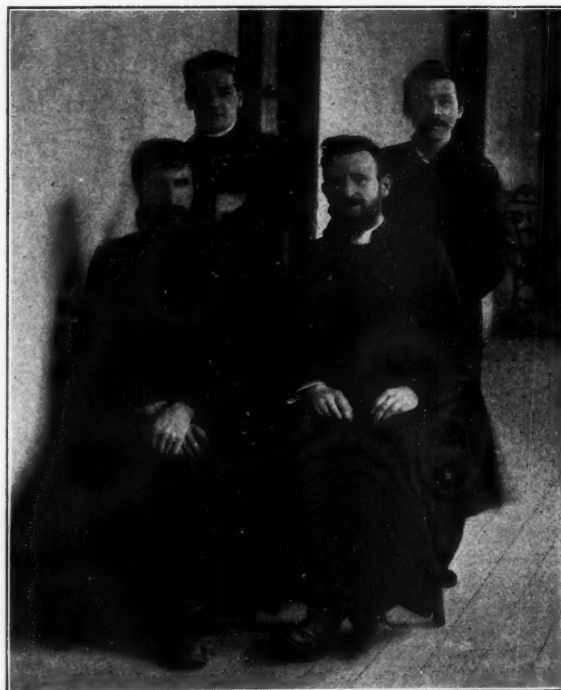
The compliment is doubtful and up to the time of writing, alas! we have 'converted' only the stomach part of him. Don't laugh, now. We are mighty serious, for the Chinese say *the mind is in the stomach*. Do you know, they are not far out of the way? The happy missionaries in this Paradise (it is called the Heavenly Kingdom) find that the mind must spend a considerable portion of its time in the stomach, for there is often a grand uncertainty as to where, when, and how we may dine next.

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FR. GALVIN, FR. McCARDLE, FR. O'LEARY, FR. IENG.

"In this photo I hope you can trace the development of what we call the 'missionary beard.' As business firms say of their work, 'It grows because it deserves to grow.'"



### The Island Empire.

Fr. Mark McNeal, S.J., has sent us a few lines from Tokyo, enclosing the jubilee souvenir of Fr. Simon Dang, a Chinese whose fifty years in the priesthood seem to have aroused much interest even in Japan.

Bishop Combaz, of Nagasaki, sends us good news of his missionaries who are at the front. None have been seriously wounded and five among them have been decorated with the cross of war.

The annual report of the mission records 3,094 baptisms. "The harvest is indeed a modest one," writes the Bishop, "but we thank Divine Providence for having blessed our efforts. The obstacles are many."

France and Germany have met peacefully in Osaka, at the home of Bishop Chatron, who writes:

I have here with me a German missionary who has come to visit his fellow countrymen, prisoners from Tsingtau. He is allowed to say Mass and to preach to them in a body, but he cannot speak to any individual. He hears their confessions, not by word of mouth, but by writing, with a Japanese sentry standing by. A policeman is always with him, even in my house. This morning the officer said to me, "Very strange! You French.....he German.....and you good friends, like brothers." "Well," I replied, "in that you can see the effect of religion." Did he? Guess!

That our friend Bishop Chatron, of Osaka, is having his own battles these days, the following letter will show:

While some of our brave missionaries are fighting against opposing battalions in Europe, here we are fighting against the dreaded cholera and alas! we have not escaped loss. There have been three cases in our orphanage at Osaka and two deaths—one that of our good Sr. Ignatius. For ten days the whole community was in strict quarantine. I gave absolution through the window-bars.

From the North to the South of Japan victims have been numerous. There were from twenty to twenty-five cases a day in our city but at present

the count has been reduced to five or six. On the other hand, the pest has just broken out in a town between here and Tokyo, where from twelve to fifteen persons have died.

The Bright Star School is all that its name implies—a shining light in the darkness of a pagan land. The good Brothers of Mary, who conduct it, are not allowed by the Government to give religious instruction during school-hours, but the following lines from the director, Fr. Nicholas Walter, will show how successfully this difficulty is overcome:

Suppose you had a school of seven hundred Catholic boys, who had to work five long hours in the day. Then suppose that when after class they were starting home, to play baseball or football or tennis, you called them back, saying: "Please come to catechism for an hour before you go. You will not get any good marks or rewards for your work, nor will you be punished for staying away. But come just for the benefit of your souls." How many boys, do you think, would attend catechism class on such conditions?

I don't know how many Catholic lads you would get in America, but I know that right here in Osaka, at the Bright Star School, we get regularly some five hundred pagan youths out of a total of seven hundred. Will you believe me when I tell you that our pagan boys run to the Bible History lesson, each one trying to be first so that he may get the best place? The first-year students have catechism and out of one hundred and eighty, about one hundred and forty follow the lessons after class. It is very consoling to see how eagerly all flock to the instructions every week throughout the year.

That Catholic missionaries have rendered no inconsiderable services to the cause of science is a fact not generally known. We have been especially pleased, therefore, to receive from Bishop Berlioz an appreciation of one of his priests, the late Fr. Faurie, written by a non-Catholic Japanese professor.

Fr. Faurie was a botanist and his spirit may be seen by the following extracts from the article referred to above:

In making botanical collections he traveled throughout all Japan, striking into many unbeaten paths....His as-

### JUST DE BRETENIÈRES (Bret-on-yair)

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"And I will destroy thy graven things, and thy statues out of the midst of thee: and thou shalt no more adore the works of thy hands."—*Mich. V. 12.*

siduity was almost incredible. He would climb any mountain, however difficult, if he thought it botanically interesting. Quite alone, with his press-plates and very simple provisions on his back, he would travel and work for many days in the mountains, sleeping at night, perhaps, in a tree or under a crag....His collections were very extensive, his herbarium at Aomori being by far the largest in Japan.

Fr. Faurie was a cheerful, amiable man, much beloved by us....Still working for evangelism and botany even at the point of death, and at last when he found his powers fading away, lying down to sleep quietly in the arms of Him Whom he served, he died as he had lived, a man of sincere piety and lofty ideals.

Plans are being made for the erection of a monument which will commemorate Fr. Faurie's distinguished labors for the extension of botanical knowledge. This work has been undertaken by his friends and admirers, especially among botanists.

We learn from Bishop Berlioz that Fr. Faurie discovered "hundreds of new species and, what is more rare, a new genus, which bears the name of *Fauria Japonica*." The Bishop also tells us that the camellia is called after a missionary, Fr. Camelli, S.J., who was the first to make this flower known in Europe.

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### Under the Indian Sun.

"Suppose all the Maryknoll students had names like this!" writes Fr. Merkes, and he sends us the following, which is actually borne to-day by a councilor of Madras: *M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur Sathappa Chetti Ramanathan Chettiyar Muthayya Chetti Annamalai Chettiyar Avergal.*

We learn from Archbishop Morel that Fr. Darras, the oldest missionary of the Paris Seminary, is dying. Our correspondent adds:

Fr. Darras came to India in 1859 and worked uninterruptedly to this day. He baptized more than 50,000 heathens. He may confidently expect to hear from the mouth of his Divine Master: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Italian missions have felt the effect of the war since the mother country entered the conflict. A priest of the Milan Foreign Mission Society writes:

We are managing, by an effort, to keep our ordinary work going, but we are cut off from our supply of new missionaries. All the students have had to join the colors, though happily they are assigned only to hospital duties, unless they have not yet received major orders. Moreover, two of our Fathers have been loaned to the missions of Poona and Bombay, from which the German priests were removed by Government order.

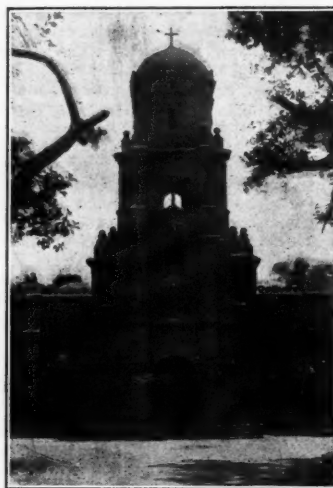
There is in the archdiocese of Madras an interesting body of native Sisters made up entirely of non-caste women. The foundation is due to the zeal of Archbishop Aelen, who, when still a young missionary, brought together three pariah girls and formed them into a community according to the rule of St. Francis. At the time many said that non-caste women could not be trained to the religious life, but the prophecy has happily proved false. To-day the Sisters number thirty and they have charge of six schools.

*"Render to God the things that are His—for the night cometh, when no man can work."*

Fr. Kroot has sent us the photograph below as an encouragement to our future missionaries. It represents the church which this zealous priest, now over sixty-seven years old, has just completed. "I had learned at Mill Hill," he writes, "the rudiments of carpentering, but who would have thought I should ever become a stone-carver?"

Our friend adds some interesting notes on the religious prospect in India:

I presume you will soon learn where your young missionaries are to fight



WHAT THE MANUAL LABOR OF  
A MISSION PRIEST CAN  
ACCOMPLISH.

their battles. If you aspire to open a "hall of martyrs," China is about the best choice you could make. There never was much chance in India. The Hindus have a better means than killing to prevent the spread of the truth. With their inveterate, superstitious caste system they know how to *boycott*.

Education has done wonders here in the last fifty years, but we are farther than ever from the solution of the problem: *Will India ever embrace the faith?* Education has, if anything, made the Hindu more irreligious. Atheism, pantheism, materialism, and a whole string of *isms* will not affect his status, but as soon as he becomes a Christian, he ceases to be a Hindu, *i. e.*, he is an outcast, with whom none will associate.

### SPECIAL OFFER!

To every new subscriber and to every renewing subscriber in 1917, we will send a Chi Rho (key-ro) pin, if requested. We do this in the hope that our subscribers will wear the pin.

In that event, let no one be surprised if our business manager should meet him on the street and ask him to 'square up,' or if our meek Editor should embrace him. No harm would be intended in either case.

Optimists thought that education and progress, especially in the form of easy intercommunication, would break down this barrier. But as long as the Brahminical element remains what it is—and there is, so to speak, no hope of relaxation in that quarter—caste will be the formidable obstacle against Christianity.

Of course fifty years is hardly a test with an old nation like this. India, *i. e.*, the educated classes which are made up mostly of Brahmmins, is clamoring for self-government. If that comes about, we shall see what changes it may bring. Hence let us leave the issue to the inscrutable counsels of God and not throw up our hands in despair.

Many missionaries have urged upon us the need of workers in various parts of the heathen world, but it remained for an Irishman to bid us, "Hurry up! Come underseas if you can't come overseas." Fr. Ryan adds, by way of explanation:

Protestant American finance and labor have conquered many towns in India. It is sad to count the number of educational institutions for boys and girls, industrial schools, dispensaries, hospitals, and steam-presses that are advancing the cause of error. My next-door neighbor, a Wesleyan minister, is running half a dozen schools on American funds.

Dear FIELD AFAR, it is high time for you to send a body of Catholic missionaries from your country. As the waves of heresy sweeping over Europe called forth the society of intrepid champions of Jesus, so the Indo-American Baptist, Anabaptist, and Wesleyan influences of men and money cry for the helping hand of Maryknoll.

Do not pay twelve cents to send a dollar. A post-office money-order is cheaper, if you do not wish to run the chance of enclosing a dollar bill in your letter under an ordinary two-cent stamp.

## The Grace to Smile.

By a Maryknoller.



Ed was not sentimental nor was he bilious, yet as he paced the cosy little parlor that Saturday night he certainly felt a depression that might have come from either condition. But it was all so simple, he argued to himself; there was nothing to be anxious about. He glanced at the folding door that separated him from the family, then turned and quickened his stride a bit till the thumping of his rapid steps caught Mother's watchful ear, though she seemed absorbed in darning the children's stockings. The parlor was Ed's sanctum, sacred to silence and solitude when he wanted to study, and she peeped through the crack before entering. Ed heard the swishing of her skirts and smiled a welcome to her.

He was twenty-one, but he liked to have those serious talks with her that left him at peace with himself and with every one else; he liked half timidly to disclose to her all his thoughts, to tell her little things that seemed so huge until she heard them, to open out his heart as to one who understood and showed it by little nods and smiles and simple truths that cleared all doubts. He often thanked God for having such a mother, and he thanked her, too, in his clumsy, graceless way. Somehow she never seemed to look for thanks and was just as cheery and thoughtful when, boy-like he failed to remember anything but his own troubles. And to-night he needed a listener; he was anxious to relieve himself, yet feared to speak. The usual torrent of words somehow would not flow.

Ed was home for the holidays after his first year at the seminary. It had been a happy year—the happiest of his life, he often wrote home to his mother—and

looking back on it, he marveled at the pure joy that had been his. The fervor of beginning his seminary course had blinded him to any imperfections in his companions; he found them—almost all of them—carrying out the ideals he had dreamed about and tried to realize in himself. It had been a year with God and holy young men who lived sane lives and got to bed by ten o'clock and rose before the dawn. He smiled as he thought of the late hours he had kept since coming home, and of the heavy eyes he tried to open every morning. Yes, it had been a healthy year, beyond the expectations of his college days. He had begun to feel identified with St. Mary's and to look at life from its point of view.

In his quiet way Ed had made many friends in the seminary and, though he little knew it, some admirers even among the faculty. There was old Fr. de Monthule, whose forty years of training priests still left him plenty of heart to take a kindly interest in a newcomer, and there was young Fr. Scanlon, whom no one thought a priest at all, for he seemed at home when among the students rather than when bottled up in unaccustomed dignity. These were his friends, real friends, though he had met them only a year before. It would be hard to give them up, almost as hard as giving up his mother, yet he had come to the conclusion that he must do it.

The need for action recalled him to the presence of his mother, and with a nervous smile he led her to the Morris-chair and leaned against its arm. His mother knew he would disclose himself and quietly sat still.

Ed looked more a priest than ever, she thought, as she watched his boyish face that the present trouble had touched with seriousness and made more manly. Three more years to wait—but, thank God, Dad and she were in good health. Her boy would be a

priest—Fr. Edward then—and perhaps.... No, that would be too much.... yet perhaps he would be stationed at the parish church and she would assist often at his Mass, and watch him, her own son, offer up the Spotless Victim. Ah! it would not be hard to die then, with Fr. Edward's anointing. It would be almost a joy to leave this world and tell the world beyond her glorious title—*Mother of a Priest*.

"But, Mother, isn't it great to be a priest?" the boy broke out. "I never realized what it meant before."

His mother smiled and nodded silently. She felt that he had something more than this to say.

"I do not mean, Mother," continued Ed, "the awful powers of a priest, the saying Mass and all that. Those things stun me, too, but I guess I'll never appreciate them. A thought that struck me lately, however, is that the more power a priest has, the greater is his responsibility. He has real eternal souls to save; he must look out not only for himself but for the rest of the world."

"You see, Mother, I used to keep in mind the bright side of the priesthood—its dignity in the eyes of the faithful, the pleasure of being near God and of bringing Him upon the altar, the happiness of giving Holy Communion to you and of preaching and forgiving sins. I dwelt upon the joy and satisfaction that I would get from my ministry; I looked at the priesthood from a selfish point of view. In fact, I'll tell you in secret, Mother, I've often planned what I would do if I were pastor here in the home parish. I'd have the wooden church torn down and a small Gothic one built in stone; I'd have you near by and I'd get Aunt Mary to keep house for me and life would be very pleasant. But—I have been doing a lot of thinking lately and I find that I have been taking a very selfish outlook."

His mother reddened as she



realized how similar their thoughts had been and that *he* now called them selfish. She wondered dumbly what was troubling Ed.

"And then I figured," the boy continued hesitatingly, searching the depths of his mother's eyes as though to read her mind, "I figured that the priesthood might under such circumstances mean no sacrifice for us. You certainly made a sacrifice in sending me to school and college, but you knew that in all probability I would repay you with years of priestly help. As for me, I should be giving up very little in becoming a priest.

"When I think of what I can do to please Our Lord, I hear Him say: 'Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' His life—that means, as I now see it, that I should give myself entirely—'leave father and mother.' Those words of Our Lord, 'the laborers are few,' have been ringing in my ears for months, Mother, and I want to answer them. I want to devote myself as completely as I can to God's service and I am convinced that He is calling me away from home. Mother, it is hard to explain myself—I want to be a missionary in foreign lands among heathen people."

Mother understood, as she always did, but she needed a moment to think and recollect herself. Her mind flashed back to twenty years before, when this boy, a babe in arms, lay at the point of death and she had offered him to God—that He might take him then in his innocence or spare him for His altar. God had spared the child and, true to her promise, she often told herself that he did not belong to her, that she was rearing him for God; and she forced her mother's heart to hold in bounds her love for him, that she might be no obstacle in his path if God called him to His ranks. She had found that it was no sacrifice worth speaking of to save

here and there for the expense of his schooling. What was a new dress or a new hat, more or less, in view of the joys of having a priest in the family? What mattered it if Dad did pretend that he preferred a pipe and limited his cigars to Sunday afternoons? And what if she *had* thought it better to wash the shirts herself than leave them to the tender mercies of Wung Lung around the corner? These were mere play sacrifices, cheerfully embraced when Ed had started for the priesthood. Yes, he was right; they had the better of the bargain with the Lord; no really great sacrifice was being made.

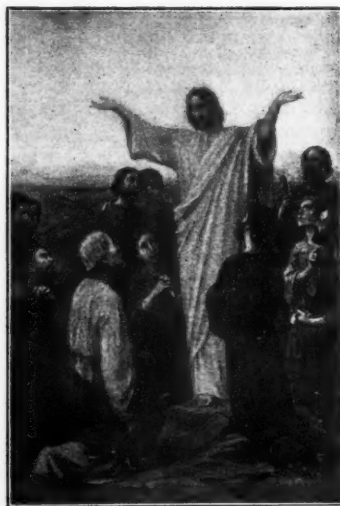
Was God really going to take her at her word when she had promised Him her boy? She had promised indeed, but she had not foreseen so great an asking; this was too much. Were the years of waiting to be repaid by further demands? Surely Dad and she had a right to enjoy the closing days of life near their priestly son; it was their due. But what was it that Ed had said?....Ah! yes....it was all so selfish.

And then the mother-heart be-

gan to realize the pain it must have cost her boy to want to follow the vocation. She had not thought of that before, yet Ed loved his parents as they loved him. He had had his dreams, too, of living near by and working heart and soul for God. It must have cost him much to tell her of his resolve. And after all, if God had taken him from them when he was yet a child, she would have said, "Thy Will be done!" and made the offering as cheerfully as possible. But no, God was keeping him to be a priest and giving his father and mother the honor of having a son who would daily pray for them and for their souls when they were dead. A mother should not ask for more than this. And if God really did want a sacrifice from them, here lay the hardest she could make.

Her heart sank at the loneliness that was before her, but in those dark moments she realized as never before the sword of sorrow felt by that other Mother when Jesus left her in her declining years that He might go about His Father's business. Then a light shone through the gloom, calmed her soul and made her taste the sweetness of a pain that is undergone for God. She had strength to turn to Ed and smile and say: "Let us thank God, Ed, for His great goodness to us all. Of course we'll go the whole way when He asks it. He will give us love enough to sacrifice anything for Him."

As the clock on the dining-room mantelpiece struck the hour for the family rosary, the mother had just time to glance into her son's eyes and read the look of thanks and love unsaid. With a hurried kiss, they joined the kneeling group and in the telling of her beads her heart was glad that he would never realize the agony she felt. "How good God was," she thought, "to give me strength to smile when I was answering Ed!"



EUNTES, + DOCETE + OMNES.  
(Going, teach all.)



### The Knoll Log.

OUR priest of December 2d offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass early on the morning of St.



AT THE ORDINATION.

Francis Xavier's feast. It was a Low Mass and as such better suited to the spiritual needs of a newly-ordained than would be the more solemn function. The feast of Our Immaculate Mother was reserved for the first Solemn High Mass, in which a new subdeacon shared. All branches of the Maryknoll family—faculty, students, auxiliaries, and Teresians—were present on this occasion and the farm-help was in danger of being turned out to the fields.

That would have been an unspeakable disappointment to Antonio (who is Tony for short and who is very short, too), but with John the Polock he managed to get in and to occupy a position of honor near the organ while his "boss"—recently *Brother Henner*—celebrated in all the glory of his young priesthood. The day was a triumph of manual labor, which, as our readers know, has had from the beginning a high place at Maryknoll. *Brother Henner* has set a pace for work that will live in the annals of our Seminary. He has reached his climax and changed his title to *Father*, but this does not mean that he will cease to use his muscles.

Fr. Meyer resumed his studies until Christmas. After the family feast at Maryknoll, he set out on a long journey to give his blessing to the dear ones at home who had patiently waited for this joy.

Bishop Hurth, of the Philippines, came to Maryknoll the day before the feast of St. Francis Xavier and remained overnight, giving the community a much-welcomed talk and entertaining the faculty with his ripened observations on things Eastern. If every traveler carried as few impedimenta as this genial missionary brought to Maryknoll, trunk stores would soon put up the shutters. We were tempted to keep the bishop's ring, which had been worn by other bishops and carried with it an interesting history, but—it seemed to be his only possession.

And this brought up the question: What becomes of the episcopal rings and pectoral crosses that survive the lamented members of our hierarchy? Are they lying, and destined to lie indefinitely, unused and unproductive, for lack of a custodian who could make them profitable? Why not let Maryknoll hold them for her future bishops or otherwise apply their preciousness to the active service of Christ?

A Maryknoll Christmas has so far meant an ideal feast. In the first place, the setting is fine—a hill, a broad expanse of field and sky, a noble river, the lights of a distant town. Then there is the silence—the hush of nature, broken occasionally, when the wind is west-blown, by the rumble of a train fully two miles away, running smoothly under the cliffs that border the Hudson.

But setting and silence mean little until we realize that it is midnight and we are on the eve of Our Saviour's birth. This thought clutches and holds every one at Maryknoll, and whatever our preoccupations may have been, they fly far away on that blessed night when angels hover near to worship Jesus and to salute His Mother.

The Christmas that is past was as deeply joyful as those that had gone before. The Prince of

Peace was rich in His blessings to us.

Our Vénard students were, by a special privilege, allowed to go home for the Christmas holidays and about sixty per cent. of the cherubs took advantage of the permission. Some of these hesitated, because they like Clark's Green, but the thought of a disappointed mother decided the question and they scampered for the train with their more eager companions.

Bertin of Malacca, who is now in his second year from home, fifteen thousand miles away, did not make the flight. John of Holland also refrained from the attempt, but as his name, translated, is *Home Church*, he feels at home where he is.

At this writing the young travelers are safely back at The Vénard. They are gradually settling down after the usual period of illness that follows a trip home.

The Maryknollers did not go home. They stayed there.

So far as we can observe, the New Year will not bring to Maryknoll a new building, but it will witness the organization of *St. Joseph's Workshop*. St. Joseph will not mind if we attach his name to what was only a barn. Meaner than this, our first barn, was the Cave of Bethlehem, and the carpenter's bench at Nazareth was perhaps not so well protected as is the building henceforth dedicated to the lowly laborer whose place in Heaven is next to its Queen.

St. Joseph's Workshop already has a fairly good supply of much, if not all, that an ordinary carpenter, mechanic, or electrician would need in order to take away from a poor landlord his month's gatherings of rent. Never again will a plumber's bill unfold itself over the breadth of our treasurer's desk. Never again will *Elizabeth*

be asked to make an up and down trip to the village machine-shop for the sake of replacing a broken screw. Never again will an electrician and his hinderer be summoned at an uncanny hour to repair the pump in the woods at double the usual rate of wage. Never again—at least, we hope so.

"But," you ask, "have you the mechanics?" Another foolish question! *Mechanics?* We sometimes wonder if there is any one at Maryknoll, except the superior and the Teresians, who is not a mechanic, at least in his own estimation. Whenever an accident occurs, we have a series of diagnoses that would be infallible if they did not all disagree.

It is a most reassuring experience to stand before a broken pump or a disorganized 'tin can' and to learn how simply the thing can be set to rights when certain portions are uncovered and the defect is revealed. And then when the trouble is located elsewhere, it is delightful to note how little affected are our cock-sure mechanics. Do they make excuses? Not at all. They have all the reticence of a brakeman on a train that is hung up between stations.

More seriously speaking, however, we believe that our mechanics are no worse than those who criticize them and, besides, they charge nothing either for the time they waste or for the repairs they fail to make. But then, even at Maryknoll there are mechanics and mechanics, and after a while the job is done. In the meantime something new has been learned by several of our future missionaries, all of whom expect one day to be tinkers in their own establishments in a distant land.

If the maintenance of an aspirant for the priesthood at Maryknoll or The Vénard appeals to you, you may satisfy this holy desire by the offering of two hundred and fifty dollars for one year. Our student will himself assure you of his gratitude and his prayers.



COLLIE.

*Collie* is still the handsomest thing on the premises. He is, in fact, our only 'gentleman,' and his life ran smoothly until Monsignor Dunn brought up a rival named Jack. *Collie* was chained to the leg of the community table at St. Teresa's that day and his pride was hurt for a week. He has since recovered and resumed his occupation of watching everybody else work.

### The Vénard Leaf.

The Vénard boys have been learning to practice economy with a vengeance; and the procurator at Maryknoll is happy in the thought that by the time these youths reach his demesne, there will be little or no occasion to teach them how to make two potatoes out of one.

Most of the youngsters were brought up in city or town, where water, heat, light, and even food were as free to them as the air, of which they were supposed to take deep draughts. But now 'the poor little fishes' have to swim in drops of water. There is a gauge on the milk-bottle and a rule on the butter-plate. The water-metre tells the tale when a precious torrent runs to waste while some tooth-brush is poised in the air till the end of an argument, and lights that are left unextinguished register, automatically, the names of the culprits.

Yes, the screws are down at

The Vénard. The lid lifts occasionally, however, and reveals a group of very much alive boys, some of whom are getting too fat to please the Vénard procurator.

A new scribe from The Vénard presents us this month with some observations on life, light, and love at Clark's Green:

We have been officially incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania. We are coming to stand on our own feet now. "Watch us grow," is one of our mottoes.

Some of our Scranton friends, possessed of that fertile imagination which finds a way where there is a will, have devised an interesting scheme to help along our struggling treasury. Each member of a band of sixteen\* women gives a party to twelve; each of these twelve in turn gives a party to eight, and each of the eight to four. At each party the guests pay twenty-five cents each. More than a thousand dollars can thus be realized. It doesn't seem reasonable, you say? Well, figure it out for yourself. The idea has much to commend it. It brings our Catholic people together and stimulates wider interest.

Oh yes, we have occasional entertainments to add zest to our lives of work and prayer. So far we have held two musical soirées and a spelling-bee—the "old-fashioned kind." Was it fun? Well, I think so. There was a dish of fudge for the winning side and, by way of contrast, a Latin New Testament for the best speller. Angelo spelled "spaghetti" to perfection, but failed to get away with "biscuit." It required a thorough Irishman to spell "shillalah" correctly and "mucilage" proved a sticker also. Well, all the boys did themselves credit, and we feel confident that if they keep up the pace, they will spell "success" some day on the missions.

People of Scranton and vicinity continue to show a lively interest in the young Vénard. On the feast of the Presentation the Dorcas Club of Scranton made a memorable call. The fact that their tour of inspection about the house and grounds ended at the dining-room door is suggestive, to say the least! Before leaving, these kind friends assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. One of them remarked afterwards, it was quite possible that among those who sang, there

\*These sixteen may be scattered over the country.



**Blow! Blow!**

Our procurator is a modest man. He does not like to blow but he puts aside his feelings daily and here is the result. Please keep his lungs in condition and he will pay our bills.

**FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.**

STATE	GIFTS	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$7.75	
California	16.14	10
Colorado		2
Connecticut	35.60	65
Delaware		1
District of Columbia	11.54	1
Florida		3
Georgia		2
Idaho		1
Illinois	9.12	11
Indiana		9
Iowa	11.00	1
Kansas		5
Kentucky	1.00	1
Louisiana		7
Maine	8.00	3
Maryland	3.00	26
Massachusetts	*1,573.42	154
Michigan	2.00	10
Minnesota	11.50	
Missouri	3.20	2
Nebraska	5.03	
New Hampshire	5.00	7
New Jersey	33.75	48
New York	778.55	307
Ohio	35.65	10
Oklahoma	2.00	1
Oregon		3
Pennsylvania	117.72	51
Rhode Island	70.32	13
South Carolina		1
South Dakota	6.94	1
Texas	7.00	3
Vermont	1.00	2
Virginia	1.00	
West Virginia	18.50	2
Wisconsin	55.00	2

**FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.**

Canada	\$5.00	3
Hawaii	2.00	1
Holland	1.00	1
Ireland		2
Newfoundland	.54	3
Porto Rico		2

Total.....777

**NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.**

Living: M. A. B.; Mrs. M. B. D.; J. M. G.; M. K.; Mrs. K.; Mrs. C. W.  
Dead: Ellen Carey; Mary E. Hickey; Mary E. Lee; Mrs. Mary Tuite.

**NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**

Ordinary (before Jan. 1)....426  
Associate .....351

Total .....777

\*Includes \$1,000 annuity.

**RECEIVED AT THE VÉNARD.**

From friends in Scranton and vicinity: bookcase and books from Rev. Friend; towels and bed-linen from Dorcas Sewing Club; statue of the Sacred Heart, fruit, and candy from H. S.; altar-linens from G. C.; bookcase from E. W.; chiffonier and chairs from Mrs. C.; sheets and pillow-cases from A. J.; towels from M. K. and A. K.; dishes and towels from Mrs. F. M.; table-linens from E. C.; wash-stand, chair, china, and bedding from Mrs. P. R.; bed from Mrs. B.; fruit and candy from Mrs. O. S.; candy and magazines from A. H.; candy from Mrs. M. F.; cigars from M. O.; candy and cigars from Minooka Friends.

**RECEIVED AT MARYKNOLL.**

Life of Rt. Rev. Francis P. Kenrick from Archbishop's House, Phila., Pa.; bishop's outfit, vestments, missals, cassocks, and clothing from Rt. Rev. Friend, Pa.; books and clothing from estate of the late Rev. Thos. F. Myhan, N. Y. C.; diamond ring through Rev. Friend, Ill.; coat and vest from Rev. Friend, N. Y.; books and clothing from P. B., N. Y.; jewelry and silver spoons from S. R., R. I.; book from J. B., Cal.; fur coat and gloves from J. M., Pa.; ring, silver spoons, and silk pieces from S. C., R. I.; sewing articles, carbon-paper, cancelled stamps, and tinfoil from M. S., N. Y.; 2 volumes of St. Augustine and a Latin dictionary from Friend, N. Y.; tinfoil and cancelled stamps from St. Joseph's Academy, Ind., from Srs. of Charity, Iowa, and from M. N., Mass.; tinfoil from C. S., Mass., and from Mrs. M. W., Mass.; cancelled stamps from Cal., Conn., La., Mass., N. Y., Pa., and N. S.

**A PRAYER, please, for the souls of:**

Rev. Thos. E. Carroll	A. A. Hess
Mother Leonarde	John J. Lally
Mother Molloy	Cornelius Lane
Sr. M. Callista	Samuel Lawton
Sr. Ignatius	Anna M. Maskell
Sr. Ludwina	Ellen F. Maskell
Sr. M. Therese	Stephen J. Maskell
Michael Coulehan	Edward McEvoy
Sabina Coyne	P. J. Murrett
Mrs. Cecilia Croghan	Margaret Nagle
Josephine Doyle	John D. Raggio
John F. Fitzgerald	Thomas Reap
P. J. Gallagher	Martin J. Ryan
John Griffin	Mrs. M. E. Sullivan
Thomas Griffin	James J. Walsh
Mary Grimmer	Mrs. Julia Walsh

By paying five dollars you can receive The Field Afar for six years.

**The Mighty Mites.**

Mite-box gatherings brought us last year one thousand dollars, enough to provide for four students. We are believers in the 'little-from-the-many' idea, though we are glad to get an occasional large slice from the few—just to give us a chance to catch up.

Please send me fifty mite boxes. If I can't get rid of them all, I will pay for them myself. (A Baltimore Priest.)

An early December request from a pastor up-state ran as follows:

Please send me two hundred mite boxes and you shall have the children's Christmas offerings.

Enclosed you will find five dollars, which we wish to present to you in the name of the little ones in the Day Nursery. They have been saving their pennies by depriving themselves of candy from time to time in honor of the Divine Infant. (Sisters of Charity.)

"On the first day of the week let every one of you put apart with himself, laying up what it shall well please him; that when I come, the collections be not then to be made."—1. Cor. xvi. 2.

This certainly looks as if the Corinthian Christians of St. Paul's day knew something about mite boxes. The quotation was left on the Editor's desk by one of our very exact students, who attached to his text a note from which we take the following:

When I read the long story of St. Paul's trials—stonings, beatings, shipwrecks, and imprisonments—I had no idea that he had to worry over collections from the faithful. Now I see that in this, too, he is a model for missionaries.

The mite boxes invite attention. When I brought them to the school and explained the nature of their coming, they seemed to say, "We don't need an introduction"—and they didn't. One of the "kiddies" announced that their purpose was to gather money "for the priests who are chewed up in Africa."

I have taken one of the mite boxes and given it a prominent place in my study. Back of it I have tacked up a sign: "Every visit to this room will cost you a nickel for the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll. Loosen up."



Even in our busy centre of ecclesiastical activity, priests find a little time to see one another, and if all sacerdotal visitations were charged up "a nickel per," the amount throughout the United States might be "some cash." My assistant says I must reduce the cost for him; otherwise he would be "broke" in a month.

P. S.—The bishop might be taxed a dollar. (An Alabama Priest.)

### STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

#### COMPLETED BURSSES.

Cardinal Farley Burse.....	\$5,000.
Sacred Heart Memorial Burse....	5,000.
John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000.
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000.
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000.
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000.
Fr. Elias Younan Burse.....	5,000.
Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000.
O. L. of the Miraculous Medal Burse .....	5,000.

#### PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSSES.

Abp. John J. Williams Burse*\$5,276.21	
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse 4,036.00	
Cheverus Centennial School Burse .....	*3,177.12
St. Joseph Burse.....	2,307.15
All Souls Burse.....	2,121.04
St. Teresa Burse.....	2,042.50
O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	*1,987.37
Little Flower Burse (Vénard)...	1,930.99
St. Patrick Burse.....	1,473.70
Holy Ghost Burse.....	1,252.54
Bl. Th. Vénard Burse (Vénard)...	1,173.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	1,136.04
Father B. Burse.....	*1,056.00
Pius X. Burse.....	1,013.00
Precious Blood Burse.....	901.00
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Burse	801.76
St. Anthony Burse.....	742.60
Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse...	671.87
St. Dominic Burse.....	612.10
St. Columba Burse.....	463.50
St. Stephen Burse.....	346.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse....	317.35
Susan Emery Memorial Burse..	302.20
Curé of Ars Burse.....	301.73
St. Lawrence Burse.....	221.75
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	219.51
St. John the Baptist Burse....	177.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	147.00
O. L. of Mercy Burse.....	141.54
St. Agnes Burse.....	126.00
St. Rita Burse.....	122.25
C. Burse.....	100.00
All Saints Burse.....	90.95
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Burse	81.50
O. L. of Victory Burse.....	65.00
Joan of Arc Burse.....	61.00
O. L. of Perpetual Help Burse..	38.00
Gemma Galgani Burse.....	30.00
Holy Name Burse.....	28.00
Immaculate Conception Burse..	18.00
St. Peter Burse.....	15.92

\*On hand but not operative.

†\$1,000 on hand but not operative.

St. Paul Burse.....	\$11.00
St. Aloysius Burse.....	13.25

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

#### SPECIAL FUNDS.

Abp. Williams Catechist Fund*\$6,000.00	
Foreign Mission Educational.....	
Fund .....	3,700.00
Vénard Student Fund.....	620.60
Bread Fund.....	207.22

#### MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.  
Sold up to Jan. 1, 1917, 2,543,183 "  
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,906,817 "  
SEND FOR A LAND-SLIP.

#### VENARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.  
Sold up to Jan. 1, 1917, 792,916 "  
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 5,207,084 "  
SEND FOR A VENARD CARD.

Land for the Vénard School is selling at the rate of two feet for one cent—dirt cheap. You buy the land and the school keeps it for you. Send a dollar and experience the thrill of ownership that is worth while.

### To and From Providers.

We girls of St. Bernard's Academy love THE FIELD AFAR. Sister reads us extracts from it during breakfast. We like Fr. Peter Rogan's letters best. They are always so cheerful and at the same time inspiring. (From St. Bernard's Academy, Nebraska City, Neb.)

We cried for bread a little while ago and the good saint who stimulates that very useful kind of gift, heeded us. Several friends felt the thrill and we are happier as a result. Now that we have the crust, we ask for more.

The true Catholic mission spirit cannot draw the line short of that which the Founder of the Church made when He said, "Going, teach all nations." Accompanying a gift from a little parish in Texas are these words:

Our parish is young and small and poor, but we have a great, big missionary work of our own to do—the spiritual care of Catholic students at the State University and through them the enlightenment of the University itself. This home missionary endeavor seems to warm our hearts to all other missionary works the world over.

### A BOOK JUST OFF THE PRESS WITH CHRIST IN CHINA.

By Rev. Joseph P. McQuade, Ph.D., Rector of Sacred Heart Church, San Francisco.

Price - - - - - One Dollar  
(On sale at Maryknoll)

The Maryknoll Calendar is what the French would call *pas grand' chose*, which might be translated as 'no great shakes.' It made a hit, however, with those whom it reached, and every subscriber is supposed to have received one.

Simple as it was, each calendar cost something, but in many instances it sent back its value a hundredfold and if there was any balance against Maryknoll, this was compensated for by the gratitude of our friends. It is a new sensation to receive thanks from those to whom it is usually your duty to give it, and the calendar has brought many a 'thank you' to the beggars of Maryknoll.

A distinguished Boston priest, sending his offering for our burse in honor of the saintly Sulpician, Fr. Chapon, writes:

In this diocese there still lingers the odor of sanctity which he so sweetly diffused. I would like to do something substantial to help honor his memory by contributing to the *Fr. Chapon Memorial Burse*. Just now, however, the best I can give is fifty dollars, which I enclose. Perhaps before the burse is completed, I may be able to do more. With this offering goes my heartfelt sympathy with every detail of the great work you have undertaken, as well as my prayers for its success.

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### Circling the Circles.

A Massachusetts circle recently sent for four hundred Maryknoll seals, intending to use them on stationery and so to make known one of its pet charities. This circle has asked for and received papers to be read at its meetings.



#### MARIA MISSION CIRCLES.

##### (RULES.)

Each Maria mission circle shall consist of three or more members, who will meet to pray and work for Catholic missions. Each circle member may enroll contributing members.

The circle shall have no officers except a secretary. The organizer shall always act as secretary. If she should withdraw, her place shall be filled through election by the circle members.

Each meeting shall open and close with prayer. There shall be either an address or twenty minutes of reading on a subject of mission interest. Members shall agree on a regular offering to be handed to the secretary at each meeting, along with any gifts from contributing members. The meeting should not last longer than an hour.

No unnecessary discussion of persons or of personal matters shall be permitted at meetings.

Money collected shall be forwarded by the secretary each month, through a properly authorized channel, for the need designated by a majority of the circle members.

Address: *The Circle Director,*  
Maryknoll : : Ossining, New York.

The *Maria Mission Circles* are primarily an association of self-supporting women. They are not exclusively so. As noted below, one most enthusiastic secretary is a girl of eleven years, who with her little friends conducts the regular circle meetings. There are young married women and mothers of grown families on the list of secretaries. Several of the circles consist of young women who, having wealth and leisure, seek to utilize both for the missions. However, the circles were started by self-supporting women, are being promoted chiefly among them, and are conducted in a business-like manner. This is so largely true that the circles may be said to be an outgrowth of the energy of the modern business woman.

The *Maria Mission Circles* have taken a survey. They have seen a great, pressing need, a vast, accessible source of relief, and a golden opportunity for service.

The need—that of the missions. Though much written of and devotedly

worked for by those who realize it, this need has been far too little heeded by the great mass of our Catholic people. Yet it is as real as is the difference between spiritual light and spiritual darkness, as great as is the imminent danger of eternal truth for countless millions of souls, as urgent as is the divine command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The source of relief—the twenty million Catholics of the United States. In the history of the world has there been a prouder privilege accorded to any people than that of being children of the Roman Catholic Church and citizens of the United States of America? Here we find the Faith in its purity, transmitted by martyrs and heroic pioneers. Here we find general quickness of intellect, universal education, and superabundance of good-will. Here we find material progress and financial means unequalled. Here also we find the American business woman—woman filled with the noble instinct through which she has ever been in the forefront of every good endeavor, and also well trained in practical thought and business methods and possessing her own funds, self-earned, to do with as she will. Great as is the mission need, it can be met, with the blessing of God, by the efforts of this invincible force.

The opportunity for service—to bring the above-mentioned force quickly to the relief and promotion of the missions. Here the *Maria Mission Circles* see their work. They intend to sound, and to keep on sounding, in the interest of Catholic missions, the keynote "Practical Application," which they have learned effectively in their business experience. They hardly seek to create good-will where it does not exist; that is beyond their scope. But they aim to turn good-will into energy, to lead generous impulses onward to definite helpfulness. They strive to accent in the cause of the missions a magic word, popularized by one of our country's heroes and permeating American business life,—*efficiency*.

Every thoughtful Catholic has a will to help the missions. The business instinct of the *Maria Circle* members maintains emphatically that "where there is a will, there is a way." The way lies through self-denial and its entrance is the gate of greater and more definite knowledge in regard to mission needs. The circle members strive to increase this knowledge, in themselves and in others, by the reading of mission literature.

Much has been said for and against woman's presence in the business world. Time will perhaps decide the

question as to whether this first era of the "business woman" is a happy or a tragic age. Every age, however, has its glory, every world movement its opportunity for giving homage to God. The Catholic young women of our country can secure a golden crown for the era of the "business woman" if they will swing into the service of Catholic missions the energy of the American business spirit, a spirit which brooks no delay and submits to no obstacle in the accomplishment of its purpose.

The organization of the *Maria Mission Circles* is very simple, designed to get the best results from the least routine. Copies of the by-laws will be sent on request.—*Maria Mission Circles.*

### A Circler's Ambition.

*I would like to be a Sister over in China, because God is not known to most of the people over there. The Chinese have no use for little girls and some don't want boys either. In China ten cents will buy a baby that is not wanted. Sisters and priests buy them and baptize them. I read many stories about China and I would like to go very much. Many priests and Sisters are put to death that live near the house of Tsin. I hope that some day I can go and save the souls of those little Chinese babies.*

The above was written by an eleven-year-old girl and what makes it especially worth recording is the fact that its author is consistent. She is the secretary of a very energetic *Maria Mission Circle*. The realization of her ambition in years to come we leave to the Providence of God. For the present she is setting an example that may well be followed by older people: while hoping for great achievements, she is grasping the little opportunities for good work that lie in her way.

### Notice the expiration date on your Field Afar Envelope.

We all are learning that it is worth while to 'gather up the fragments,' and the next thing is to find out what to do with them.

Take, for example, *tinfoil* and *cancelled stamps*. There is money to be made and money to be lost on such gatherings. Either can be sold, but it is quite possible for you to lose in transportation more than either is worth.

Therefore, Maryknoll is looking for centres, in different parts of the country, where *tinfoil* and *stamps* may be accumulated. Can you suggest a centre?



The Ads on  
this page are  
all right for  
you to read but  
there's nothing  
in them for  
the likes of me.  
Good-bye!

Petey.

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### The Maryknoll Pin.

This cut suggests its  
form. It is made of  
golden bronze, is very  
neat, and is easily at-  
tached to the clothing. It consists of  
two Greek letters—Chi (key) and Rho  
(roe), the monogram of Christ. The  
circle symbolizes the world and the  
entire emblem signifies the mission  
of Christ to the world. On the re-  
verse side of the pin are the words :  
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knoll, N. Y. The price, postpaid, is  
only twenty-five cents.



# THE FIELD AFAR

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A PAPER THAT CIRCLES THE GLOBE

## Suggestions.



THIS is a reproduction of our new stamp, without the color effects. Send for some of these stamps. They will cost you one cent apiece or ten cents a dozen. They are made to seal your letters, and in using them you will benefit our work directly and indirectly.

Our Associates, living and dead, yearly or perpetual, receive the benefit of four hundred Masses annually from Maryknoll and The Vénard. On the mission field about three hundred more are offered, while here and there, throughout the world, thousands of Communion and tens of thousands of rosaries are added to the spiritual advantages open to all who are listed on the membership roll of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

## At the Sign of the Sale Table.

On hand at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y., and for sale at these prices *prepaid*:

PUBLISHED AT MARYKNOLL

The Field Afar (including membership in the C. F. M. S.)	\$1.00
A Modern Martyr (Life of Bl. Theophane Vénard)	.60
Stories from The Field Afar	.60
Field Afar Tales	.60
An American Missionary (Fr. Judge, S.J., in Alaska)	.60
Life of Just de Bretenières	.60
Théophane Vénard (in French)	.60
Pierre Chanel (in French)	.60

## OUTSIDE PUBLICATIONS

Our Lord's Last Will	\$ .70
The Workers are Few	1.00
The Church in Many Lands	1.00
Yonder?	1.40
Prayer Prints	100 for \$ .25
Post-Cards of Maryknoll and the Missions	100 for .50
Maryknoll Sealing Stamps 12 for	.10
The Maryknoll Pin	\$ .25
Statue of Bl. Theophane Vénard (in old ivory or bronze)	\$3.00
Address: The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll	: : Ossining, N. Y.



This is our legal title. It will be appropriate in any Catholic's will.

## How to Execute Your Own Will.

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same. Persons of comparatively small means will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time they will be furthering the cause of foreign missions.

We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.



